

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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St. Alphonsus Liguori

Born at Marienella, near Naples, Sept. 27th, 1696. Ordained priest Dec. 21, 1726. Founds the Redemptorist Congregation Nov. 9th, 1732. Consecrated Bishop June 20th, 1762. Death Aug. 1st, 1787. Canonized May 26th, 1839. Declared Doctor July 7th, 1871. The Liguorian receives its name from him.

O happy Saint! enthroned in blissful heaven,
Shining like sun on the eternal hills,
The Lily white of thy heroic chastity,
All heaven with celestial odor fills.

Thy Rose of love divine all fair and beauteous
Glows like the dawn across the Orient sky,
While brightest angels chant their hymns harmonious,
Ever thy heart pulses its sweet reply.

Thy Passion-flower of zeal through years eternal
Transplanted from earth's garden fair and bright,
Shall shed its lustre as the moon at even'
Through boundless heavenly fields of silvery light.

But modest as a meek-eyed child so bashful,
Inhaling sweets from Jesus' Heart all blest,
The Violet of thy tender low humility
In heavenly sweetness outstrips all the rest.

—W. T. Bond, C. Ss. R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

The high contracting parties, or their plenipotentiaries, sitting at the peace table had child's play compared with Father Casey, for he was called upon to heal a breach in the parish choir.

It all came about because Miss Burke, the organist, in planning her program for the Easter Mass, had failed to assign to Dolores and Estelle certain Alleluias for which they knew they were fitted by nature and to which they believed they had an inalienable right by custom.

That the dear reader may know and appreciate to what a serious pass matters had come, I here set down fragments of a conversation overheard by a little bird that had insomnia as the worthy young ladies went up the walk leading to Father Casey's house.

"Believe me, Doly," said Estelle, "there'll be something doing when Father Casey sees that no amount of coaxing will make us line up with the warblers again so long as that hateful thing is organist!"

"He'll be up against it, all right, to get some one else to thump the keys," returned Dolores, "but he ought to have told her where to get off at. Just think, Stell, she comes up to me last Sunday night after Benediction, and she says in her oily fashion: 'Dolores,' she says, 'you know it's very wrong to talk in church while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed.' Now what do you know about that!"

"You'd think she built the church, the way she tries to run everything that goes on there. She makes me good and sick!"

"Say, Stell, suppose Father Casey can't get a new organist by next Sunday, won't that bunch make a show of themselves trying to sing without us?"

"Worse'n the Kilkenny cats!" laughed Estelle with savage glee.

"There'll be some sadly disappointed people too. I know for a fact that it's the singing that brings a lot of folks to St. Mary's. I feel bad in a way for Father Casey. He'll be peeved when he sees the attendance falling off."

"Serves him right!" snapped Estelle. "He lets Miss Burke wind him around her little finger. Whenever we have a complaint to make, he always sides with her."

"But don't you think, Stell, that when he sees we are determined—if he can't get anybody to take Miss Burke's place right away, if he makes her beg our pardon publicly before the choir—don't you think

we could sing for a little longer, just to help him out while he is looking for a new organist?"

"Doly, I would have to study that proposition carefully before I should be prepared to give an answer." Estelle spoke with all the calmness and deliberation of an unbiased judge. She was not angry—Oh, no, not in the least—merely actuated by the pure love of justice!

"It's high time for Miss Burke to be put where she belongs! She has been playing Kaiser long enough! Won't it take the wind out of her sails, if she has to beg pardon of us before the bunch!"

"Yes, especially after all her contemptible hints about not doing this or that in the choir, when everybody knew she meant us!"

"Did you notice her new lavender silk dress? Ain't it the limit!"

"I'll say it is! I'll bet anything it was a remnant and she had to cut it according to that outlandish pattern so it would reach. I have to laugh to see the desperate efforts she makes to look young—and you can see the crows' feet on her face a block away."

'Twere vain to conjecture how long they could have gone on before this absorbing topic—or they themselves—would be exhausted. Howbeit, they had reached the rectory and Father Casey was there to talk to them.

"Good evening, Dolores; good evening, Estelle!" he greeted them cordially. "I am so glad you came! For some time I have been wishing to speak to you about your relations with the choir."

Here was a propitious beginning. Already they saw in spirit the hated Miss Burke and the misguided Father Casey eating humble pie.

"There has been a misunderstanding," he proceeded, "which I cannot suffer to continue any longer."

Better and better! The apology was coming!

"Miss Burke has not been doing her duty," he explained.

"I should say not! (Estelle wanted to have a hand in the killing.) That is just what we came to tell you. We are so glad you have found her out at last!"

"Miss Burke," continued the priest, "is the responsible head of the choir. It is her duty to see that all those who are granted the rare privilege of singing God's praises during divine service should conduct themselves in a becoming manner. If she made efforts in this direction and the same proved unavailing, she should have promptly reported the matter to me, so that I could dismiss the guilty parties."

What a strange turn the conference was taking! Dolores and

Estelle gaped at the priest amazed and bewildered. He went on quietly:

"The church is the house of God. Our holy faith tells us that Jesus Christ is really and truly present there in order to be our Companion, our Consoler, and Helper in this sad land of exile. It is hard to understand how any one can believe this truth and behave otherwise than with the deepest loving reverence while before the Blessed Sacrament. Our Divine Saviour, on all other occasions so gentle and forgiving, had no mercy on those who desecrate the house of God. He made a whip of cords and drove out of the temple those who were selling doves for the sacrifice. I often wonder if He does not feel like whipping out of St. Mary's Church some of those sacrilegious Catholics who are continually whispering and giggling there. I am sure He would begin with certain members of the choir."

At these words "certain members of the choir" blushed crimson. Father Casey continued:

"After the sanctuary, the organ gallery ought to be the most sacred place in the church; here it has become the rendezvous for irreverence and scandal. The Holy Sacrifice of the Altar is the most sublime act performed on this earth. Every word of the Mass is thrice hallowed. The members of the choir are permitted to pronounce many of these words. How they should prize this privilege and guard the lips so highly honored! And yet certain young women of this choir pollute their lips by unladylike language, by uncharitable talk, and by course vulgar slang. Those who are honored by such an intimate part in the offering of Christ's Body and Blood, should come to the church humble and modest, penetrated with a deep sense of their unworthiness to cooperate in this sublime act. Yet some of our choir members are seen entering and leaving the organ gallery vain and haughty and dressed in an immodest fashion that even a heathen woman would blush to imitate."

"Miss Burke is jealous of us!" Estelle almost shrieked. The strain was almost bringing her to hysteria. "She is jealous of us; that's what she is! And she has been telling tales!"

"There is jealousy in the choir, but the poor organist is not the one that has been guilty of it. Her chief fault is that she has too often sacrificed principle for the sake of peace. The jealousy has been on the part of certain members who, vain of the talents God has given them, wish to monopolize all the more impressive parts of the sacred

chant and who pout and fuss if they are not afforded an opportunity for their vocal gymnastics. When one hears their warbling, one is tempted to believe that the singers are thinking less of praising God than of impressing the young men in the congregation."

A painful pause followed every moment of which seemed an hour. The priest continued:

"Now, you two fully realize how highly privileged you were in being allowed to join the choir, and your only intention in accepting this privilege was to honor Our Lord, was it not?"

"Yes, Father," they lied in unison.

"Therefore it causes me all the more pain to dismiss you," he explained.

Estelle was the first to recover from the shock:

"We came here this evening precisely to offer our resignation, unless you get some more reasonable person than Miss Burke to take charge of the choir."

"There is no need of offering your resignation," said Father Casey.

"But," persisted Estelle, taking courage, "We've made up our minds absolutely to resign. We will put up with the tyranny of Miss Burke no longer."

"I say," continued the priest, "there is no need of your offering your resignation—because you have been already dismissed."

"Another of Miss Burke's sneaky tricks!" snapped Estelle.

"Quite the contrary," he replied. "I often expressed to her my wish that she should adhere, as every loyal Catholic should do, to the *Motu Proprio* of Pope Pius the Tenth prescribing simple and devotional singing during divine service. Yet Sunday after Sunday I was forced to hear the sacred text mutilated and made ridiculous by senseless repetitions and the exhibitions in St. Mary's Church approaching closer and closer to comic opera. I insisted on an explanation, and at last she admitted that every time she had attempted to introduce music more fitted to the sacred place and purpose, she had been thwarted by two of the best singers who threatened to quit the choir if she dared to make any such change. It is the wish of the Pope and of the Church that the Mass be sung in a simple devotional manner without useless repetitions, so that the people can follow with their prayer books, and, wherever possible, join in and sing. This of course would never suit the vain feather-brains who are in the choir merely to show off their talents. Accordingly I ordered Miss Burke, to strike those 'two best

singers' off the list. The names she struck off were those of Dolores and Estelle, who, I regret to say have given very little edification since they joined the choir."

The little bird that had insomnia heard no human words, but only the sound of angry sobbing as the two young ladies went down the walk leading from Father Casey's house.

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

OUR LADY OF POMPEI

A SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

Junico Rota, Prince of Caposele had presented the Redemptorist Community of Materdomini with a work containing the designs of the Museum in Herculaneum. Herculaneum was destroyed with Pompei by the eruption of Vesuvius. The above mentioned work of four volumes had illustrations of figures which, to say the least, were scantily clad. Now, when St. Alphonsus Liguori, after whom the Liguorian is named, made his last canonical visit to Materdomini in May, 1750, he happened to notice the above mentioned illustrations which he rightly thought would prove dangerous to some souls. Hence without much ado, he took pen and ink and set about defacing the nudities. Someone remarked he was thus destroying a great work: but he laughingly replied: "How many magnificent pictures have I not thus spoiled, and cut, and disfigured in my own home because the painters were wanting in holy modesty!" Which having said, he continued his merciless work of destruction.

Both Herculaneum and Pompei were noted for vice and voluptuousness, for lack of modesty in painting and other works of art. Both cities were destroyed by the devastating ashes and lava of Vesuvius, but the neighboring Valley was spared at the time. In this Valley, long in utter desolation and lack of spiritual aid, it pleased Our Lady, through the instrumentality of Commendatore Bartolo Longo, to establish her throne of grace and bring about what is now the new Pompei. First she made her power felt in the Commendatore's own heart who had been given to spiritualism and magnetism and drifted away from God. His soul was steeped in doubt and despair when grace whispered that if he practised and spread the devotion of the Rosary, he would be saved: that those who really practised this salutary devotion would not be lost. So he set about teaching this devotion to the ignorant and

abandoned peasants of the valley. Three years he laboured before only the faintest spark of success seemed evident. Amid toil and disappointment, he at length founded the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary and succeeded not only in raising an altar to honor Our Lady, but a splendid church which became the world-known shrine of Our Lady of Pompei surrounded by charitable institutions founded and subsidized by the same pious founder Bartolo Longo. On May 8, 1876, the cornerstone of this shrine and temple was laid. Then "fifteen years had elapsed and the Temple not yet completed had acquired universal fame, and received its solemn consecration at the hands of a Papal Delegate, the most Eminent Cardinal Monaco la Valletta. At the end of 18 years (1894) that church begun for poor farmers, received the sanction of its universality and of its greater glory by being raised by Leo XIII to the dignity of a Pontifical Church, and declared a Sanctuary of the world, under the dominion of the See of Peter in perpetuo." Thus writes the Commendatore in his history of the Sanctuary.

The inauguration of this work, the founding of the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary and the subsequent history of this celebrated Sanctuary were accompanied by wonders and miracles. Countless graces were showered upon men by the generous hand of Our Lady, Queen of the Rosary, as the present magnificent pile attests; as attest thousands of votive offerings that fill the architrave, eutablatures and divers pannels of the edifice, as attest the votive offerings of gold and silver in the room adjoining the left entrance of the Church, among which offerings is a gold ciborium presented by Pius X of glorious memory. The church has been enriched by costly and rare marbles and most beautiful paintings. The beginning of this stupendous work was very modest, and being a work of God, met considerable opposition, undoubtedly instigated by the devil; but Our Lady saw to it that all went well, and worked miracles to promote her design. It was through a miracle and apparition that she, venerated there as Queen of the Rosary, wished to bear the title of Our Lady of Pompei. So too, the original of the picture now venerated as Our Lady of Pompei, was not a work of art. It was bought in a second-hand store for the magnificent and extravagant (!?) price of 3 francs, and was presented to Commendatore Bartolo Longo. The picture was first rudely retouched so as to make it somewhat presentable, and after three years received a second retouching, so that what was originally meant to represent

St. Rose of Lima, was turned into St. Catherine of Sienna. Finally by a special process new canvas was substituted for the old without destroying the painting, and the picture was again retouched. It seems Our Lady must have helped in the final retouching, for the heavenly expression of her face as we see it at present, has never been reproduced successfully either in painting or photography. Again let us hear the pious founder of the Sanctuary and of the works of charity connected with it at present. He writes: "Who would ever have believed that that old canvas, bought for three francs, and which entered Pompei on a dung-cart, was in the designs of Providence ordained to become the means unto salvation of innumerable souls? and was to become so precious as to be covered with the most refulgent diamonds and rare gems?"

Entering the church, you are at once struck by the reverence, deep devotion and silence of the many worshipers, a feeling of awe comes upon you, especially if at the time the Holy Sacrifice is going on at the altar of the miraculous picture and the sweet tones of a masterly played organ lend a heavenly background to the angelic voices of the orphans as they sing their morning prayer to Our Lady. Words can not adequately describe the effect of all this upon the soul—one must have experienced it himself. Almost immediately on entering, your eyes catch the lights about the shrine. But the most prominent of all is the picture itself: The Queen of the Rosary seated on a throne and the Infant Jesus on her lap, the head of each crowned with a crown blessed by Leo XIII himself, a crown of diamonds, sapphires, and other precious stones; a halo of twelve brilliants surrounding both Mother and Child, a star of diamonds over the head of each, the garment of Our Lady bedecked with priceless gems, a pearl necklace hanging from her neck and bearing in diamonds the word: *Rosario* (Rosary), and the base of the dais on which she rests, bearing the words: *Ave Maria* in diamonds. Our Lady hands a rosary of pearls to St. Catherine of Sienna to her left, and the Infant hands a similar chaplet to St. Dominic on the opposite side of the group. The whole picture is inclosed in a bronze frame costing 10,000 francs and by fifteen pannels representing the hysterics of the rosary. In the midst of all this wealth, Our Lady's sweet face is "like the gently trembling morning star." Over the picture are two immense angels blowing trumpets as if to call the world's attention to the bounty of their Queen and proclaim all she has done for suffering humanity.

To this very hour the brilliancy of the Sanctuary is gaining in glory and renown, and the favors granted through Our Lady's powerful intercession as a guerdon for the Rosary Devotion, are more than legion; they are imprinted on imperishable records that never grow old, the hearts of her faithful clients. Indeed Divine Providence chose a most fitting spot for this shrine of the Holy Rosary! Is not the Rosary to commemorate the mysteries of the Incarnation and Redemption whereby we have been saved from the eternal slavery of sin? And lo! Our Immaculate Mother, Queen of the Rosary, deigns to bring us the graces of Redemption on the very spot where God had been outraged so grievously by all manner of sin and crimes. Here near the ancient Pompei, which with Herculaneum was a second Sodom and Gomorrah, here where Paganism had a stronghold of worldly pleasures and vice, here the Queen of heaven dispenses to repentant sinners the graces whereby to overcome the world's seductions and the enemies of salvation. Behold, she seems to say: "He that shall find me shall find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord." (Proverbs, VIII, 35.)

PAUL O. BALZER, C. Ss. R.,

Rome, Italy.

The death of sons and daughters is not the worst calamity that can befall their parents. Perhaps in the crowd on Golgotha, the mother of Judas envied Mary as she stood below her crucified Son.—*Father Gerard, O. S. B.*

THE ASSUMPTION

Morn on the plains of Judea; the night
 Hath fled down the slopes of Mount Olivet; bright
 Bend lilies which Solomon's glory outshone,
 Reflecting the hues of the radiant dawn.
 Lo! a vision hath flashed o'er the roseate day,
 In its glow morning's splendor is sodden and grey.
 A form robed in glory by angels upborne,
 Whose anthems resound through the listening morn.
 'Tis one Heaven's messenger named "full of grace",
 All sinless she comes from a sin-tainted race,
 O'er that virginal soul Satan's thralldom ne'er fell,
 In that breast God Incarnate had chosen to dwell.
 A Mother a-yearn for the face of her Son,
 A woman whose child is the all-holy One,
 Who clothed her with riches to others denied,
 Then crowns her a Queen on a throne by His side.
 —*Catherine Hayes.*

IN THE PHILIPPINES

MAKING THE MISSION.

Noon to 3 P. M.—Twelve o'clock is dinner hour in the Philippines; and after dinner it is the Filipino custom to rest, as the sun is still almost directly overhead. It is an accepted principle all the world over that at Rome one should do as the Romans do: so in the Philippines one must do as the Filipinos do.

"FIRST CALL FOR DINNER—AND LAST."

The mention of dinner hour brings to mind one of the most characteristic traits of the Filipino—his generous hospitality. A Filipino will readily share his fare with a visitor and will never see those who work for him hungry. If the mission is given in a district where there is abundance the native gladly shares his abundance with the missionaries: if the mission is in a poor district the native will just as readily share his poverty with the priest who helps him to save his soul. In almost every district the people come along to the parochial house (or Convento as it is called) bringing in day by day during the mission such healthy things as eggs, fruit, fish and fowl. This custom is really providential for the missions in a country where—outside a very few towns—there are neither hotels nor butcher's shops nor bakeries. It is often really touching to see how the Fathers' needs are studied and attended to, and in many places where they give missions they are now supplied, as a concession to European tastes, with such things as tea, coffee, bread and sometimes even butter. (Rice is the bread of the Far-East and the Filipino's ordinary drink is the water of the nearest well.) The system of cooking here is of course not always *à la Parisienne*, but—the good will is never wanting. The Fathers show their appreciation of the Filipinos' kindness by rewarding them with such presents as pictures, leaflets and medals, thousands of which are distributed yearly on the Philippine Missions. Though these things are little in themselves they mean a considerable increase in mission expenses in the long run: but the work is a good one and God's Providence will surely find the means of continuing it.

A BUSY AFTERNOON.

3 P. M. to 5 P. M.—At three o'clock confessions are resumed. While the confessions are being heard, not only at this time but all through the day, two other good works are being carried on which deserve a brief notice. The first is the teaching of Catechism to the

children. This is done by voluntary native teachers who often work for several hours getting into their young disciples' heads sufficient doctrine to enable them to receive the sacraments. The second work referred to is the putting into circulation of good books written in the native language. Booksellers' shops are like Angels' visits here, so the Fathers have to bring along books with their other luggage. These books are given to some trusty person at the Convento and the people are told about them in the mission notices, with the result that many thousands of good books are thus put into circulation every year. Indeed it may be safely said that several entire editions of the books which thus find a way into the homes of the people, would never have been printed were it not for the help the missions give them.

A WORD WITH YOU.

By the way, do you not think it a pity that we Catholics do not work more to put Catholic literature into circulation? Even considered from a mere literary point of view, we possess a literature that is unique in its beauty and endless in its resources. In every civilized language in the world there are treasures of Catholic literature from the moderns—think of the galaxy of French writers for instance—back to the glowing pages of Holy Scripture—those pages of perfect beauty before which even such minds as Voltaire's are compelled to bow down in admiration. Why do not Catholics work more to make their treasures known to others? To know them is to love them. And to love them is to endeavor to shape one's life upon their model.

To take a concrete example of how good Catholic works are neglected I need only to cite the example of a book translated by the late Professor Kettle of the National University of Ireland. The thesis of the book is that all the great scientists of the world have been men of profound religious convictions, and, secondly, the greater their name in the world of science, the more reverent were they towards the things of God. This thesis of Professor Kettle's work is so admirably proved and the facts brought to light are so little known that the circulation of his work would have done an enormous good. Yet in how many libraries will you find a copy of it? Had the thesis been the other way about you would find the book in every circulating library and at every railway bookstall!

St. Alphonsus quotes one phrase from an ancient writer which goes straight to the bedrock of this whole question of literature. "*Liber est cibus*," he wrote, "a book is food." The analogy works out to per-

fection. What good, bad, or innutritious food is to the body, good, bad, or indifferent reading is to the soul.

This is a tempting subject to write about, but we must return to what suggested the digression—the Fathers' work for the circulation of good literature in the Philippines. This particular work is of course devoted to the circulating of Visayan books suitable for the people. It not infrequently happens that in the course of a single mission 1500 or 2000 useful little books are put in circulation.

A leading Filipino politician with whom the chances of travel brought me into contact recently, remarked that he followed the work of the Redemptorist missions with interest, and he was good enough to add that he highly appreciated the good that was done by them to his people. "Your missions," he continued, "will make up for the godless education of the public schools." Of course the few missions which circumstances permit in the Philippines can by no manner of means counterbalance the system of godless education which maintains here since the American occupation; but doubtless they will bring home Christian teaching to many a poor soul, and the hundreds of good books left behind after every mission will certainly contribute their part to this good work.

5 P. M. to 6:30 P. M.—The evening devotions begin at five o'clock. They are conducted on the same lines as in the homelands with the exception that after every decade of the rosary a refrain is sung. This is a concession to the Filipinos' love of singing and music. The children are particularly quick in learning the mission hymns and they sing them in a soft, pleasing voice. They sing them not only in Church, but as you pass through a district after a mission has begun, you often hear the children singing the mission-hymns in their homes as well.

THE AUDIENCE.

The audience which one addresses here has an aspect in which the peculiarities of the Eastern and the Western world are curiously blended. The Filipinos are Easterners, but their civilization has come from the West. In an ordinary congregation most of the people squat on the ground as the custom is in the East, and the women wear a dress peculiar to their country. The present-day Filipino men wear for the most part clothes of Western style; and one rarely sees such clean clothes at gatherings anywhere.—White or cream suits are in the greatest favor, but in every mission crowd there is here and there a khaki note which indicates the presence of some government official who has

come "to make his soul". The women's dress would need a woman's pen to describe it. From a crowd of Filipino women a mere man gets only the general impression of a mass of veils and gauze, and a riot of colors. Ruskin, who detested the drab color of an English crowd, might possibly find fault also with the colors of a Filipino crowd, as being too gay and gaudy.

The Filipinos are very good, attentive listeners and they seem to have little difficulty in following a foreigner speaking their own language. Very many of them bring their babies to church with the inevitable consequence—or perhaps it had better been said, inevitable consequences.

6:30 P. M. to 8 P. M.—The evening devotions come to an end about half-past six and then confessions are resumed until eight o'clock.

GOOD NIGHT.

8 P. M.—Supper is at eight, and an hour or two later the Fathers retire to rest. Conventos in the Philippines are often small enough, with the result that two or three or even four Fathers occupy the same room during the mission. Sometimes one is fortunate in getting a camp-bed. This is hauled near an open window and there a Father takes his chances with the mosquitoes.

You have now the full *horarium* of the Fathers on the Philippine missions and incidentally some description of what the missions are like. They are not all, however, as here described. In some places godless education, the lack of workers and other cases, which you know of from the Liguorian, have already left their mark on the lives of the people. This means much harder work to get the mission into swing, but it surely is a work that is all the more needed. The greater danger a poor soul is in, the greater need there is to assist it.

UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Then, again, there are districts in which the people live so far away from the church that it is impossible for them to attend the mission. In this case, if the distant population is numerous, one or two Fathers are detailed off to give a special little mission in the outlying district or barrio, as it is called. In the course of last year fourteen of these barrio missions were given. These missions are oftentimes quite an adventure in themselves and, as the people live remote from central positions, the missionary will often experience conditions that are primitive enough. He generally gives the mission in a little chapel built of

poles and thatched with nipa. He sleeps in a native's house—the house is usually given up to himself and his sacristan—and he partakes of whatever fare chance throws in his way. One of the barrios in which a mission was given last year was so remote that wild monkeys took part in at least one of the mission exercises. A Father was assisting at the marriages of some pairs who had been living in sin before the mission, and the ceremony took place in the open air under a tree. The monkeys climbed the tree and chattered away the whole time, evidently enjoying the proceeding.

You can form some idea of the sad plight of the Filipino Catholics when I tell you that in some of these remote barrios—barrios which are reached only after a journey of a great part of a day—there is a population as great as in many of the little Italian towns evangelized by St. Alphonsus.

In one barrio two Fathers gave a mission some months ago to 4000 people. There was no road anywhere in the district, only "hills peeped o'er hills and Alps on Alps arose". If the wind was favorable the barrio might be reached by sea, but even with a favorable wind the journey from the pueblo would occupy several hours. The Cura (Pastor) could rarely visit the place. "Even at Easter-duty time," he said, "I cannot go there as I have no one to replace me at my church." The people were a good poor people and deserved help. When the Fathers reached the place (at ten o'clock at night) they found a number of them gathered in a house, saying the rosary in common.

Just bring home to yourself the plight of these poor Catholics—for they are all Catholics: there is not as much as one non-Catholic in the place. For very many of them Communion even once a year is virtually impossible; and only by a rare chance can any of them have the assistance of a priest in their last moments—in that last great struggle that will decide their lot for ever!

(To be continued.)

T. A. MURPHY, C. Ss. R.

THE MATERIALIST

He took a twany handful from the strand:
"What we can grasp," he said, "we understand,
And nothing more!"—when lo! the laughing sand
Slide swiftly from his vainly clutching hand.

THE ATTACK REPELLED

"There goes a picture of the Saviour's Heart. They must be Catholics."

Mrs. Pike and Miss Dunlap, her niece, were peering through the clusters of the rambler roses that covered the lattice-work of their veranda and intently surveying a load of furniture being moved into the little summer cottage next door.

"Well," said Miss Dunlap, having passed a favorable judgment on the material prosperity of the new neighbors, based on the superb piano, the two elegant mirrors and the pink satin easy-chairs, "if they are Catholics I don't intend to mix much with them, that's certain."

"I don't know how it is," observed her aunt, as she balanced herself on the edge of the hammock, "but I always experience a feeling of distrust in the presence of a Catholic."

"And who would not?" replied pretty Miss Dunlap. "Why, their doctrine on indulgences alone is enough to make anyone insecure and uneasy in their company. An indulgence you know," she continued with affected horror, "is nothing but a permission to commit sin."

"So I have heard," sighed her aunt.

"It is dreadful, simply dreadful," continued the indignant young woman "to think that what is a crime before the Lord by all Protestants is accounted nothing by Catholics if they can afford to buy an indulgence for it."

"And how shrewd they are," ventured Mrs. Pike, "you cannot induce any of them to tell you what they just pay for any particular sin."

"Indeed they deny it altogether," added Miss Dunlap, "and one would be really inclined to doubt it if it were not in the very histories studied in our public schools. It was the exorbitant price placed on indulgences by the Pope that made the hero Luther break away from the Catholic Church."

"Well," rejoined the aunt, lustily applying her fan, "if this family make any advance to neighborly friendship, I intend to attack them on their religion."

"So shall I," declared the niece, "and I think indulgences would be a vulnerable point."

A carriage had stopped before the cottage next door and the two curious women were at the roses again in a moment. An athletic handsome young man of about twenty-five had alighted and was assist-

ing an aged lady up the gravel walk to the house. Both stood on the steps to view the surroundings.

"This bracing air will make you well again, Mother," exclaimed the young man with a tenderness that betrayed the affection of a true son. "Here is the climbing rose I spoke of." John Connors supported his mother to the west end of the piazza where he stood admiring the very roses that concealed the feminine foes of his religion.

"Let us thank God for His goodness, John," said Mrs. Connors, "and beg His blessing on our new home. Do not forget to inquire about the church, my son." She turned away and entered the house. The young man descended to inspect some newly planted flower-beds on the lawn. Catching a glimpse of the ladies he crossed the grass-plot between the two houses and with polite apology inquired where the Catholic church was located. Miss Dunlap resuming her seat was the first to speak.

"So you are Catholics," she said. "Will you be seated. We would like to welcome you to Mineville."

"Many thanks," replied John, as he took a rustic chair near the roses.

"The Catholic church is at the extreme end of the village not far from the depot," said Mrs. Pike. "We are not of your persuasion and hence know little of the pastor or the services."

Possessing a good Catholic education, John Connors was not overpleased with the classification of the Catholic Church among the "persuasions." He let it pass, however, and simply remarked that he would visit the priest in the afternoon.

Miss Dunlap true to her word straightway began the attack. Forgetting politeness and indulging her bigotry she commenced in a haughty frozen tone:

"I am glad to have the opportunity of asking a Catholic how the doctrine of indulgences can possibly be justified."

Although John was angry; not so much at the question, as at the way it was put; he did not betray his feelings, but asked with quiet dignity:

"Will you kindly tell me what you understand by an indulgence?"

"A permission to commit sin or the pardon for sin, purchased from the priest." There, she had gotten it out. She was triumphant and she waited to see him wince and stammer. But he did no such thing. He seemed really amused.

"So you think that the priest sells permission to commit sin?" he asked with a smile: "big sins for a dollar or two and little ones for five and ten cents or perhaps in job-lots for anything they'll bring?"

"Well I suppose that's the way," Miss Dunlap replied, never flinching.

It was so downright ridiculous that John burst into a hearty laugh; such a good-natured laugh too, that both women actually smiled at what they now knew must be, on their part, some stupid error.

"Now ladies," said John, when he had recovered himself sufficiently to talk, "let me explain to you the nature of an indulgence and assure you that your notion of the doctrine is entirely erroneous. An indulgence has nothing whatever to do with sin. It is the remission of temporal punishment due to sin. The Catholic Church teaches that every grave sin entails an eternal and a temporal punishment. When the sin is forgiven in the Sacrament of Penance, the eternal punishment is remitted; but the temporal may remain and must be endured either here by works of penance, by bearing patiently the trials of life, or hereafter in Purgatory by suffering till 'the last farthing is paid'. Now all or part of this punishment is remitted by gaining an indulgence. The State remits temporal punishment. Here is a man sentenced for some crime to twenty years punishment in prison. The Governor of the State may remit one or more years from the full term. He gives an indulgence pure and simple to the prisoner. In the same manner the Church in granting an indulgence of days or years remits so much punishment as would have been expiated in that length of time according to the ancient canons.

"There, stop, please," interrupted Miss Dunlap, confused. "What do you mean by the ancient canons?"

"That's right," said John, "ask what you don't understand. It's the only way of getting clear on the subject. By the ancient canons I mean the code of punishment formerly in vogue when the Church gave public penances for the commission of public sins. For example, a fast of a hundred days was given as a penance for certain sins. By committing a great sin one was sometimes debarred from entering the Church for years. This was the strict discipline of the early ages of fervor. As time went on, however, the church relaxed these penances and from her treasury granted indulgences to her children."

"Treasury?—There," said Mrs. Pike, "I knew that money and indulgence always went together."

This time John's laughter was uncontrollable. It was such a generous roar that the ladies enjoyed it and all three sat for some time laughing like merry children."

"I do not speak of treasury of *money*," at last continued John, "but the treasury of Christ's merits and the merits of the saints. The merit of our Lord is infinite and therefore immeasurably above what is necessary for the salvation of mankind. Think too of the millions of martyrs, of hermits, of holy men and women who have suffered far more than would satisfy Divine Justice for their sins. These extra works of satisfaction have not been lost but form the treasury of the Church and are applied in the form of indulgence to those who have not done sufficient penance. To gain an indulgence however, one must be free from grave sin and perform the good work or recite the prayer to which the indulgence is attached. In case that all the temporal punishment is remitted the indulgence is called 'plenary', and can be gained only by the reception of Holy Communion."

"And does not money enter at all?" exclaimed Mrs. Pike disappointed.

"Only in as far almsgiving is a good work for which an indulgence may be granted," was the reply.

"Did not Martin Luther protest against the sale of indulgences?" interjected Miss Dunlap warmly.

"Martin Luther did not understand the nature of indulgences," answered John, "as he himself admitted. Pope Leo X. had resolved to complete the grand basilica of St. Peter's in Rome and to stimulate the generosity of the faithful he proclaimed an indulgence to those who, besides doing sincere penance and confessing their sins would make some voluntary contribution towards this good work. Luther took this as a pretext for his separation from the Church; but the true reason was his desire to throw off all moral restraint and give himself up to unbridled license as his subsequent actions amply prove.

"Luther gave to Phillip Landgrave of Hesse an indulgence to have two wives both living and happy at the same time! There now, what do you think of that for a Protestant indulgence?" John broke out into another hearty laugh which was interrupted by a tiny bell calling him to the first luncheon in the new house.

"I think he's just charming," said Miss Dunlap as she watched him disappear behind the climbing roses.

F. L. KENZEL, C. Ss. R.

TEN LEPERS

ST. LUKE, XVII, 11-14.

We have heard so much of the wonderful favors Our Lord can dispense that we ourselves often sighed to receive some tiny share of what He showered upon others. We may have mused at times and tried to guess by what magic charms His Love could be won to bless us. In this passage our queries are answered. The recipe is given us here: faith, hope and obedient charity. Then Jesus will help us in the way He knows will best profit us.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

"And it came to pass as he was going to Jerusalem, He passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee."

There is no explicit mention of the *time* of our event. Yet if we be permitted to hazard a conjecture: this incident seems to have occurred about two months before the Paschal feast during which Our Lord died; perhaps in February. We will omit the grounds of our conjecture and simply state the events that led up to our incident. In the earlier part of the month Our Lord had been active in Perea on the Eastern side of the Jordan. Here He heard of the illness of Lazarus and learned his death. Thereupon He hastened to Bethania, near Jerusalem and worked that stupendous miracle which filled his enemies with such panic horror that they "devised to put Him to death" (St. John XI, 53.) And to make matters sure, "the chief Priests and the Pharisees had given a commandment, that if any man knew where He was, they should tell, that they might apprehend Him" (v. 56). This state of matters prevailed on Christ to flee into Ephrem, a little town about twenty miles north-by-east of Jerusalem. It is pretty securely identified with the present village of Tayibeh. Here He abode some time. The offer of a handsome sum of money for His betrayal made this retreat quite dangerous, for it was within the area where the influence of Pharisees could easily make itself felt. So He set out upon the journey on which we meet Him just now. Ephrem (Tayibeh) lay on the road that connected Jericho with the great commercial route of traffic from Jerusalem due north to Sichem. As it lay above five miles from the juncture of the roads, it was only natural that Our Lord should follow its course; then enter upon the Naplouse road which ran through the entire length of the mountains of Samaria; because in this region so hostile to the Jews, he was surely safe from

Pharisees or any of their party. No Samaritan would hand him over to the Jews. This road emerges from the mountain-country at a little town called Engannim, the present Djenin. Then it bends sharply to the east, running between the boundaries of Galilee and Samaria, through the celebrated city of Scythopolis and thence to the fords of the Jordan it led into Perea. This was an ancient military road in Roman times, and may be traced by the milestones which travellers have discovered from year to year.

But what *place* was honored by such a scene? Our text simply remarks: "and as He entered into a certain town." It seems to me that this town must be located in the north somewhere along the road between Galilee and Samaria. There is a tradition that points to Engannim (Djenin). It meets all the requirements of the case. Such location will also explain why the company of lepers comprised, with the nine Jews, also a Samaritan. It also explains their faith, for in the regions fringed by this road Our Lord had wrought so many of His miracles. Here to, was He safe and could bid the lepers go show themselves to the priests and tell them all, and there was little possibility of arresting Him. It is needless to add that the incident took place outside the town. The law of Moses insisted on the complete segregation of lepers. Even, Mary, the sister of Moses, was forced to quit the camp of the Israelites as soon as the signs of leprosy were visible (Numb. XII, 14-16). Kings were not exempt from this ruling. The great and good King Azarias was confined to a house of isolation, and left the administration of public affairs to his son (II. Kings XV, 5). Nowadays the lepers find shelter in the three great hospitals of Siloam, near Jerusalem, of Ramleh and of Naplouse.

Now let us look closer at the *persons*. "There met Him ten lepers, etc." Lepers! Terrible fate! Its hideous ravages are so revolting, that we do not dare describe them here. In the law of Moses it was provided that persons showing the first symptoms of the dread disease should present themselves to the priests to be carefully examined; and when the familiar symptoms were verified, the victims were barred from intercourse with the community. So the fact of their affliction seems well established. They were ten in number, according to our story. For, as now, so in olden times they were permitted to live together for the sake of that mutual aid which their crippled condition rendered indispensable. As will be seen in v. 16: one of them was a Samaritan. In view of the dogged hatred that Jews and Samari-

tans nurtured against each other, this association is somewhat surprising. But common misery can make sympathetic companions even of those whom social rank and education has placed on different levels. They did not come close to Our Lord and His Apostles but halted at some distance. Moses had enacted that the leper: "shall have his clothes hanging loose, his head bare, his mouth covered with a cloth, and he shall cry out that he is defiled and unclean" (Lev. XII, 45). In the Talmud we find the common practise thus formulated: "Rabbi Jochanan decided that it was not allowed to approach within 4 cubits (6 ft.) of a leper if he stand to windward; Rabbi Simeon held that it was not allowed to come within 100 cubits (150 ft.) of him." They may have frequented this highway as beggars to win a meagre alms from the many passers-by. But on this occasion the meeting seems intentional since they are fully aware of the great favors that Our Lord was able to bestow on them.

THE CALL OF WRETCHEDNESS.

VV. 13-14. Here we shall study their prayer and how Our Lord answered it.

Their Prayer: "And they lifted up their voices saying: Jesus Master, have mercy on us." In these few words we may notice the substance of their petition and the form in which it is expressed.

Its substance: the context shows that they begged to be cured of their disease. They could well have known Our Lord's power to cleanse from leprosy. One of the first miracles wrought in Galilee was the cleansing of a leper who was confident of cure: "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." And his faith secured for him the comforting reply: "I will; be thou made clean" (Lk. V, 12). Shortly after when Our Lord sent forth his Apostles on their first mission; he also armed them with the weapons needed in their campaign for Truth. Among the miraculous gifts bestowed on them we also find the power to cleanse lepers (Mt. X, 8). It goes without saying that his ability must have been noised abroad. And yet later when St. John the Baptist, a prisoner, sent his disciples to inquire of Christ who He really was, Our Lord's answer was simply to direct their attention to the miracles being wrought about them, and again underlines with peculiar emphasis the fact that lepers were made clean (Mt. XI 5 and Lk. VII, 22). If now we reflect upon Our Lord's answer to this request, upon their ready obedience to His directions, and above all upon the praise with which Our Lord comments on the conduct

of the Samaritan, we see that all shared the same faith in His power to heal. Hence the pith and point of their petition amounted to this: "Lord, cure us!"

Its form: And just here lies another point of interest. In what light did Our Lord's human character (if we may so speak) appear to them? The form of their question gives us the very best clue. They simply appeal to His mercy. They make no long argument, produce no accumulation of various motives that should appeal to Him. They compress all their reasoning and all their desires into the simple words: "Have mercy on us." This they thought enough to assure them their favor, no matter how stupendous and superhuman and apparently exorbitant the thing they asked. So it was mercy, pity for human suffering they appealed to; and this, in the eyes of those, who had heard so much of our Lord, was the secret key to His Heart, was His dominant quality! And this is the testimony of selfish ingrates, as the outcome proves them to have been! Valuable testimony indeed, and one that must bind us to the sacred Heart with a force and a consolation that every suffering human heart must feel.

THE ECHO IN THE SACRED HEART.

Our Lord's Answer: It is given in full: His sentiments, words, and deeds.

His sentiments are implied in the plain but pregnant phrase: "Whom when he saw He said . . ." Simply to see them in their wretched plight: their ragged garments, their hands held before their faces so that the gruesome sight would not horrify spectators too much—this was enough to move Him to pity. Surely a loveable trait in Our Saviour's character! So it was the mere sight of the crowds in the desert, hungry and tired, that induced Him to work the miracle of multiplying the loaves. The mere sight of the widowed mother of Naim as she followed the corpse of her son to the grave prevailed on Him to work the tremendous miracle of raising her son to life. Now too, the mere sight of these men was enough to stir His soul to an exercise of His wonderful powers. Perhaps His pity was intensified and deemed at the thought that He himself was once pictured as a leper by the prophet Isaias: "Surely He hath born our infirmities and carried our sorrows: and we have thought him as it were a leper, and as one struck by God and afflicted" (LIII 4). Should we not be glad to hasten to Him in our needs and trust implicitly to His mercy? These

men did so; and we have a splendid opportunity to watch the result of their experiment.

His words: "Go show yourselves to the priests." To catch the general drift of his words we must recall a few points of the Mosaic law. A person once afflicted with leprosy and sundered from intercourse with the community, could not return to social life of his own accord. For this he must procure the permit of authorized officials, and these must submit him to a thorough examination before they could issue this permission. When the leper had reason to think that the virulence of his malady had so far relented that danger of spreading the contagion was practically eliminated, he was bound to present himself to the priests for another examination. Experience has shown that the activity of the disease subsides for longer or shorter periods; sometimes five, ten, twenty years.

This examination was entrusted to the priests. True, they may have had no inkling of the microbe of leprosy, the *Bacillus Seprae*, discovered in 1873 by the Norwegian Hansen, and carefully studied in 1881 by Neisser of Breslau. Nevertheless they had the supreme advantage of close, frequent, and thorough experiment and examination; usually protracted for a week or several weeks at a time. Only when they decided that he was cured, or at least that the disease had temporarily relaxed its ravages so that intercourse became harmless could he return to the community. Then the patient was to offer a peculiar sacrifice in the Temple of Jerusalem. Here a special apartment was assigned to the lepers. In this point also, we must admire that care for health and hygiene which pervades the whole fabric of the Mosaic system. The desire to return to the comforts of civic life and often the still stronger ties of love could easily tempt some of the unfortunates to pretend to be cured and so the whole community would be exposed to contagion, at least in case of persons who were constitutionally exposed to receive the germ or microbe (Leviticus, XIV, 3-11.) Though there were priests in the cities assigned to them and pretty fairly distributed over the land, though Engannim was such a priestly city—yet it seems almost certain that the final verdict rested with the priests in Jerusalem; for the simple reason that the rite of purification included a sacrifice and this could be offered only in Jerusalem (Deut. XVII, 8).

If we try to discover *any particular motives*, why Our Lord gave them this command, we might hit upon several. The strange thing

about the case lies in this that Our Lord sends them to the priests before they are cured. Evidently he does not send them to the priests to be cured by them: this they could not do; and the outcome shows that the cure itself was wrought by Christ alone.

Let me suggest some of these motives. 1. To show His respect for the Mosaic Law. For oft had His enemies spread rumors that Christ was opposing Moses. This incident must become public and must give a public demonstration of His esteem for the Law. 2. To convince *the priests* that Christ was willing to recognize in them all the rights and privileges which were their due, according to the Law still in force. But it must also be considered in the light of mercy to them. They had driven Him from Jerusalem, consequently had no opportunity of being converted by Him, since they could no longer be a witness of His miracles. One might imagine they had forfeited all claim to them. Yet Our Lord did not think so. He now sends them a miracle which perforce they must examine and approve. The *principal* motive however appears when we glance at those once so deplorably afflicted and now to become the happy recipients of a favor forever memorable. For them it was a test of faith and obedience. The answer was short, seemed not to be to the point at all, seemed foolish and unreasonable. The answer was not to the point, since there was no mention of what they had hoped for, no explicit promise of a cure. It seemed so stupid! Why show themselves to the priests when the leprosy was not yet cured? They knew well enough the priests could not effect a cure; they could simply search for the symptoms and these the lepers saw in a ghastly evidence upon their persons. The priests would send them off with a sound rebuke. With all this it was so short, almost unfeeling and cold. Had they deserved such treatment? They came to Our Lord with strong faith and deep confidence. They came in the humble attitude of wretched beggars, why be so harsh? They begged to be healed; and at other times Our Lord was so prodigal of His miracles. Others He cured with comforting words, gentlest touch of His hands and these? He sent them away as they stood. Surely their souls were exposed to doubt His power, distrust His mercy, yield to distressing suspicions. Just here lies the lesson for ourselves as we watch the outcome: their faith did not flinch, their confidence was not shaken; quietly they obeyed and with the marks of leprosy on their scaly and bleeding flesh, went to show themselves to the priests as if the proofs of cure were clear!

"AS ONE HAVING POWER."

"And it came to pass, as they went, they were made clean." It came to pass indeed, but not by chance or simple accident. It was a miracle. The grateful leper understood it so (v. 15, "with a loud voice glorifying God"). Our Lord explains it so (v. 18, "there is no one found to return and give glory to God"). The case as reported makes it clear: for leprosy does not vanish so quickly; the blotches and sores do not heal instantaneously. And they were cured as they went. Hence they were cured without any drug or any sort of treatment. In fact the only means of cure recorded in the text that all believing Christians must accept as reliable, were the words of Christ; and these were spoken while the patients stood afar off. Nor may we imagine that His words were such as would merely inspire confidence where courage had failed and thus act as a sedative upon weakened and unstrung nerves. On the contrary—as we have seen—His words were far rather calculated to rouse suspicion, fear, misgivings and resentment. They were cured manifestly and evidently. For the nine hurried on their way to the priests to secure the testimonials for their cure. The Samaritan came back to Our Lord to give public proof of his cure and his gratitude for it.

What a transport of joy it must have caused them as they were going their way, and suddenly the sharp darting pangs had vanished! What joy! when the ugly, fetid scales fell away, and they felt fresh vigor pulsing through their crippled frames. How they must have stared at one another, scarce daring to believe their own senses!

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

A soul full of Mary, is a soul full of the spirit of strength and purity.—*A missionary Sister in Alaska.*

DO YOU KNOW THEM?

Mr. Meant-To has a comrade,
 And his name is Didn't-Do;
 Have you ever chanced to meet them?
 Did they ever call on you?
 These two fellows live together
 In the house of Never-Win,
 And I'm told that it is haunted
 By the ghost of Might-Have-Been.

FOUR LOVES AND A LIFE

CHAPTER VIII. A NIGHT IN NO MAN'S LAND.

Picking his way carefully over the duck boards that served rather as stepping stones than flooring in the oozing, foot deep, mud that covered the bottom of the front line trench, ducking his head quickly as now and then a bullet whizzed overhead or spattered with a dull thud against the sandbags that topped the parapet of the trench, an engineer was making his way nonchalantly through a front line trench. The noise around him was deafening, the sound of heavy shells exploding, the fitful glare of star shells out in No Man's Land, the intermittent crackle of rifles from the German trenches only a few hundred yards away, and the flashes from the rifles in the hands of his comrades as they returned the German fire, would give a stranger to the trenches the idea that a battle of moment was taking place. But the Engineer picking his way as carefully as though he were on some muddy country road, had evidently witnessed such a scene before and knew that the noise and the glare were the usual accompaniment of night in the front line trenches. Occasionally he passed a form standing on the firestep—a step or raised embankment running lengthwise along the trench to enable the man to rise and fire over the edge of the parapet. Those whom he passed were crouched cautiously, with their heads as little exposed as possible. A word of greeting or direction was now and then whispered to the plodder through the mud,—but of more lengthy converse there was none. Those on the firestep were the sentinels,—the eyes and ears of the trenches,—peering with sleepless eyes through the thickets of barbed wire out into the wastes of No Man's Land.

The plodder in the mud was evidently seeking an objective, and though evidently familiar with trench life, he was plainly unfamiliar with the sector in which he found himself. Finally he came to a spot whence another trench ran off at right angles to the trench through which he was making his way. At the junction of the trenches was silhouetted the khaki-clad steel helmeted form of a sentinel. The man in the mud stepped into the firestep, whispered a word into the ear of the sentinel. The watcher turned for an instant, clasped the hand of the man beside him in hearty welcome, then pointed down the trench at his right. The plodder left him and made his way about a hundred feet down the trench pointed out to him by the sentinel. Turning to

the inner wall of the trench and feeling his way with his hand he came upon a door, or rather, screen of rough burlap which concealed the entrance to a dugout. Stooping to avoid striking his head against a heavy sheet of corrugated iron which, thickly covered with earth and surmounted by several bags of sand, formed the roof of the dugout, he slowly and cautiously entered the subterranean chamber which served as sleeping quarters for several Engineers.

Once safely behind the door of the dugout the newcomer struck a match. Its flicker failed to waken either of the soundly sleeping men stretched on boards, wrapped in blankets and sleeping the sleep of weary men all oblivious of the crash of guns and the flash of exploding shells in the distance. The match went out, and in the darkness the stranger made his way to one of the rude couches and shook the sleeper who lay thereon. A sigh of weariness was the only answer vouchsafed him. Another shake, and the sleeper sat up wearily, on the edge of the bunk and rubbed his eyes.

"What's the matter?" he murmured drowsily, "It isn't my turn for guard duty tonight."

The man beside him made no answer to this speech. Instead his right hand went out into the darkness and clasped the hand of the man on the rude bed,—his left arm crept round the neck of the other and a voice filled with suppressed happiness murmured:

"Tom, old boy, how are you?"

The man on the bunk bounded to his feet. He was fully awake now. Claspings the other round the waist he executed a miniature war dance, exclaiming all the while:

"Ted, by all that's wonderful. Where on earth did you come from? How are you? Are you with us for good?"

"See here, old pal, if you'll strike a light so that I can see you, maybe I'll be able to answer half of your questions before morning."

"Right you are Ted," said Tom; for Tom Doyle it was who occupied the dugout. "Just a minute and I'll make a light. To see your homely face once more will surely do my heart good." And thus saying, he applied a match to a gasoline torch stuck into the wall of the dugout and it flooded the room with its sickly glare.

"Now give an account of yourself," said he, "but first let me wake Brownie." And he shook the form of the other occupant of the bunk vigorously. "Hey Brownie! wake up!" he whispered; "Ted Cullum's risen from the dead and is with us once again!"

Private Brown, he who had been addressed as Brownie, leaped joyously to his feet and came forward. He shook Ted's hand warmly and said: "Gee old boy it's a cure for sore eyes to see you. Where on earth did you come from? We thought you were dead or in hospital or sent back home."

"You fellows put a muffler on your voices or you'll have the Top Sergeant here in two minutes," was Ted's advice.

"You said it," ejaculated Tom. "I forgot all about noise I'm so blamed glad to see you. Well, there's no rule against keeping the torch burning, since the light can't be seen from the trench. Now sit down Ted and give us the story of the hero from the steel mills who got cracked on the head in a wreck and was supposed to be dead and isn't." And Tom pushed forward a rude stool fashioned for a hard tack box.

Ted seated himself on the stool; Tom and Brown perched themselves on the edge of the bed, and Ted began:

"First of all why ain't I dead?" he began; "I suppose it's because my dome must be solid ivory. I sure did get one awful crack when the door and roof of that car fell on me when the Heinie bombed us that night on the train. When you carried me to the hospital, Tom, and then were ordered away to join the Company, I didn't know a thing about what happened, till about six hours later. Then I woke up with an awful headache. The surgeon told me I was a lucky boy,—my skull was not fractured, and I'd be all right in about ten days. Well, the Doc knew his business. I was out in a little less than two weeks ready for fight again. But say," he asked, "don't you fellows smoke? I'm half dead for a whiff."

"Smoke?" inquired Tom disgustedly. "I ran out of the makin's two days ago and neither Brownie nor myself have a crumb of tobacco. If you want to smoke you'll have to go back of the lines to get it."

"Oh I don't know," said Ted grinning cheerfully; "suppose you try some of this!" And reaching into his blouse he tossed a package of tobacco and a pack of papers to each of his comrades. They seized them with a cry of delight.

"Sh! sh!" warned Ted, "not so loud, fellows!"

"Gee! buddie," said Brown dexterously rolling a cigarette and lighting it from the flame of the torch, "you're a regular millionaire!"

"Ah!" sighed Tom in delight as he puffed contentedly at the cigar-

ette he had fashioned. "Next to you, Ted, there's nothing I missed in the trenches so much as a smoke."

"So," laughed Ted, reaching for Tom's cigarette and lighting his own therefrom, "me and cigarettes hold equal places in your heart! Thanks for the compliment!"

"I didn't mean it that way at all, and you know it, you old sinner!" said Tom; "all the same, there's nothing like a butt to make you forget your troubles. As for my liking for you, Brownie and the other six men that occupy this dugout when they ain't on duty, can tell you I didn't sleep night after night, I was so lonesome for you."

"Tom, you know I was only jollying you," responded his chum. "It was the same here, I couldn't get back to you quick enough. As soon as they told me at the hospital I was ready for duty, I tried to get back to you. The Major wanted to keep me back of the lines till I rested up a bit, but I begged so hard that finally he let me go in with a couple of lads who were going back to Company K which had been in for a week. So I joined them in the trenches. Well I got used to trench life there,—K Company is in what is called a quiet sector,—that means that the Heinies keep pumping lead at us all night and sometimes part of the day, and we return the compliment; and now and then parties go out to grab prisoners, or get information. Outside that there was nothing doing. But the Fritzies must have it in for my dome. Just look at that tin lid,—where a piece of shrapnel belted it." And Ted proudly showed his steel helmet dented by a stray piece of shrapnel.

"It's a pity you can't exhibit that head of yours!" grinned Tom; "it sure is a shell proof. Well our sector isn't much better. We had only one night attack and we gave the Jerries a surprise party. Left six of them hanging dead on our wire and took ten prisoners."

"That's better than K Company did anyway," said Ted; "I knew you boys would be in it up to your necks. That's why I pestered the life out of the Captain every day to let me join you. He wouldn't hear of it for a while. But K Company was relieved just after dark this evening, and I put up another howl to join you. So he told me if I was darn fool enough to want to stay in the front line longer, I could go. He told me where you were,—so I ploughed through two miles of mud to get here, and here I am. Gee, it seems like old times to be with you again."

"You certainly are a good sport, Ted," said Brown, "and we're glad to have you back."

"Yep! all the boys will be glad to see you. You might as well stick right here. There's room for two more in this dugout."

"How's that!" asked Ted.

"Mack and Green got knocked off the night the Germans charged us," said Ted, with a trace of sadness in his voice.

"Good old boys both of them," said Ted, "I'm sorry to hear they got theirs."

"You sure do miss a pal when he's gone," said Tom. "Thank God, you're all right, old boy!" And Tom laid his hand affectionately on the shoulder of his chum.

"But say, Tom," said Brown, "Ted, here, must be all in. Suppose we let him go to sleep."

"Sure thing!" said Tom glancing at his wrist watch, a parting present from his sister Mary; "it's long after twelve. But first of all tell us where you got the smokes!" he added.

"Blame it on the K. of C.," said Ted, "the lads who relieved us brought in a supply and some extra for us. So I managed to get three packs. Go easy on it though. You may not see more for some time."

"Oh, this will last us!" said Tom; "we're due for relief ourselves tomorrow or next day. But here's your bed and blankets, Ted!" and he led his chum to a bunk in the corner.

"Say, Tom, I deserve to be kicked!" said Ted; "I almost forgot the most important thing of all, I was so glad to see you again. A pal of yours brought some letters in with the relief tonight. Here they are!" He held out four letters which Tom seized with eager hand.

"Gee! what a wonderful night!" he murmured joyfully. "Now you boys go to sleep, and I'll let you share these in the morning."

Brown and Ted wrapped themselves in their blankets and were soon fast asleep. The floor of the dugout was moist with slimy mud, drops of moisture trickled down from the roof and fell on the blankets of the men below, but all unheeding they slept as comfortably as though they slumbered on beds of down.

Tom waited until the deep breathing of his comrades told him they were fast asleep and then seating himself on the stool, vacated by Ted, opened his letters. Loving letters they were, cheerful letters filled with little items of news to cheer the heart of a soldier. Hope and confidence in him breathed in every line. Yet underneath the cheerful

banter and the spirit of hopefulness, the soldier glimpsed the anxiety of his loved ones for his safety. In prayer they put their trust. That was the keynote of all the letters, alike in the merry banter of his sister Mary, the tenderness of his mother, the fatherly pride of his dear old dad, the affectionate nothings of his sweetheart, he could see the deep solid piety of the writers, their abiding trust that the Sacred Heart of Jesus and their Blessed Mother Mary would bring back their soldier boy in safety. Again and again he read the letters, devouring every syllable with loving avidity. Then he folded them carefully and tucked them in the bosom of his blouse. This done he took his rosary from his pocket, and kneeling in the mud of the dugout he prayed for the loved ones far away and for himself,—for them that God might bless and cheer them,—for himself that he might do his duty fearlessly and keep unstained his loyalty to God, to country, to those he loved:—father—mother—sister—sweetheart. Finally he crept between the blankets and dozed off into peaceful slumber, whilst outside the dugout the guns of friend and foe joined their rumble in a mad medley of hate and bloodshed.

Two hours had passed. The guard had been relieved and Tom's comrades had taken their places in their bunks beside him. Suddenly the door of the dugout was pushed aside, and a Lieutenant entered. He turned the beams of a pocket flashlight upon the sleepers and approaching Tom Doyle shook him gently. Tom arose and saluted sleepily.

"Doyle!" said the Officer, "a party is going out for prisoners. Wake Brown—Smith—Murphy and Schwartz. You and they are to go. Report in the next traverse as soon as possible!"

"Yes, sir!" said Tom, saluting. The Officer turned and left the dugout and Tom proceeded to wake the men designated. When all were awakened and the last man had left the dugout, Tom shook Ted.

"Old boy!" he murmured when the latter had opened his eyes, "I'm going over the top with a detail to get some prisoners. So long, old boy!"

"No chance of going with you, is there?" asked Ted, eagerly.

"No!" said Tom in a whisper, "all picked men." Then he pressed the letters his friend had given him into the hand of his chum. "Read them in the morning, old boy!" he said, "and answer them if I don't come back. Goodbye now. I must hurry."

"Goodbye, old scout!" whispered Ted, "the best of luck! Give

the Heinies blazes for me." And with a farewell clasp of the hand the comrades parted. Tom to take his part in the proposed raid, Ted to lie with sleepless eyes awaiting news of his friend.

At the spot designated by the officer Tom found five men besides those whom he had called assembled with the Lieutenant. A Sergeant had awakened those in another dugout and all awaited instructions from the Lieutenant.

"Boys, back at headquarters they want some information about the Germans facing us. It's up to us to bring in a few prisoners. Now don't try to take the whole German army prisoner. When you get outside the trench, lie low. Keep together. Pass orders along in a whisper. When we get to their wire, Doyle here and Schwartz will cut a way through. Then creep up to the edge of their trench. When you hear my whistle jump in and grab the first men you lay hands on. When you hear my second whistle,—if it's a single blast, drop on your knees and come back as you went over;—if it's a double blast, get back as best you can. Every man for himself. I don't think they will be looking for us, as we waited till past the usual time for such raids just to fool them. Everything ready. No identification marks, mind you! Did you leave all your insignia in the dugout?"

"Yes, sir!" chorussed the men in a whisper.

"Helmets camouflaged?" queried the Officer.

"Yes, sir!" came the answer again.

"What weapons have you, Doyle?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Automatic and trench knife, sir!" responded Tom; "besides wire cutter and rubber gloves, of course."

"Good!" answered the Lieutenant; "I see you remember your instructions. Some of their wire may be charged. All the others got their knives and revolvers?"

"All O. K.!" reported the Sergeant who had been inspecting the men in the darkness.

"Ready, men!" said the Lieutenant. "Obey orders and keep quiet!" And the Lieutenant climbed over the parapet out into the waste of No Man's Land.

One by one the soldiers followed him. Tom Doyle was the first after the Lieutenant. As they started Tom made a fervent act of contrition and murmured a prayer for protection. Soon they reached the edge of their own wire. Lying flat on their stomachs they crept beneath it in single file. When the wire was passed the Lieutenant

gave a whispered order and the men strung out in line. The Lieutenant was on the right, the Sergeant on the left.

Lying flat on their stomachs they crept onward in the darkness. Occasionally they fell into a shell hole or stumbled across the body of a fallen man, grim reminders of the fate of other raiding parties, friend and foe alike. Ever and anon an order would pass from man to man, and from the Sergeant would come the reply that all was well. Twice a star shell went up in close proximity to them, and the little party hugged the earth like dead men. Finally, covered with slime, sweating and panting, they came to the German barrier of barbed wire. For an instant they rested. Into a shell hole crept the Lieutenant and most of his men, whilst wire cutters in hand, Schwartz and Tom went forward to cut a lane through the wire.

Stealthily, like panthers, the two moved forward. Grasping a strand of wire a few inches from the stake to which it was bound they would cut it with the steel nippers. Noiselessly they worked a few feet from each other, making a narrow lane,—the lane of safety for those who followed. Suddenly they heard voices,—a bass voice in deep gutturals gave an order. They lay flat on the ground thinking they were discovered. Then Schwartz crept towards Tom.

"Buddie," he whispered, "luck is with us. They have a party out repairing the wire. Count them!"

Tom peered out into the darkness and saw five men under the direction of an Officer, busily working at the wire. Evidently they were unaware of the party which had approached them from the enemy lines.

"Six," whispered Tom, "we're almost two to one. Better go back and tell the Lieutenant, eh?"

"Yes!" agreed Schwartz. Silently the pair crept back to the shell hole which hid the Lieutenant and his men.

The Lieutenant was overjoyed at the news.

"You two, Schwartz and Doyle, creep on ahead with me. Let the others follow in close proximity. When I give the word,—up and at 'em! Don't wait for a whistle,—it's too dangerous to use now. Here, Doyle," he said unfastening a bomb from his belt. "Take this, but don't use it unless you have to. As soon as you boys get your man, rush him back. If he makes a sound or resists, kill him with your trench knife. Don't fire a shot unless you have to."

Onward the men crept in strict obedience to orders. Soon they

came to where Schwartz and Tom had ceased their operations on the wire. Accompanied by the Lieutenant the two cut several more strands. Then Tom laid his hand on the Officer's shoulder and putting his lips close to his Superior's ear whispered. "More luck, sir,—the way is clear of wire."

The Lieutenant nodded. He waited an instant for the rest of the party to come up, then in tense tones whispered: "Now boys, God be with you. Rush them!"

Eleven forms rose out of the darkness and leaped forward. In a few steps they were upon their startled foes. Though taken by surprise the Germans did not give up without a struggle. A lunge from a long knife in the hands of one of the Germans ended the earthly career of poor Schwartz,—who fell to the earth without a groan. Another swung a spade viciously and a second man in khaki fell wounded seriously. Tom saw a German attempting to draw his revolver and leaped upon him. Down they went rolling together in the mud. Over and over they rolled the gun of the German being lost in the struggle. For an instant Tom found himself astride his foe. Raising his revolver he smote his enemy a stunning blow upon the forehead, and the latter lay limp and motionless. Tom rose to his feet and saw the Lieutenant launch out with his fist and fell a second German. The others ran towards their trench, sounding an alarm as they ran.

"Quick, boys!" panted the Lieutenant; "take these two Heinies and the two fallen men, and run for your lives. Don't wait to crawl. Run for your lives! All hell will be let loose here in a minute. Get outside their wire. Then shift for your selves. But stick to those prisoners like grim death! Come, Doyle! help me with my prisoner! You fellows take care of Fritz No. 2!"

Swiftly and silently the little band of Americans hurried their prisoners, who had revived sufficiently to walk, forward on their way. Two soldiers bore or rather dragged the body of poor Schwartz with them. The soldier who had been wounded insisted on crawling with the aid of a comrade. The gallant band with their crestfallen captives had hardly passed the barbed wire of the Germans before a storm of machine gun and rifle bullets swept over them. Throwing themselves on their faces and compelling their captives to do the same they crept towards the American lines. Once one of the prisoners rebelled,—but a prod from a trench knife reminded him that no nonsense would be

tolerated. Once a searchlight sent out its beams from the German lines seeking to uncover the whereabouts of the raiding party. Its rays served only to give the range to the guns in the American trenches and a hail of bullets soon forced those in charge of it to seek cover. Finally a welcome hail of: "Halt! who goes there!" sounded out of the darkness, and the raiders knew they were safe. The barbed wire was quickly passed and soon the weary men tumbled into the trench where they received a warm welcome from the comrades.

The Lieutenant and Sergeant conducted the prisoners to Field Headquarters, others bore the wounded men to a first aid station. Tom and two of his comrades after a warm shake of the hand from the Lieutenant were allowed to return to their dugout. Tom received a warm welcome from Ted, and after rehearsing the salient points of the adventure through clouds of cigarette smoke, he tumbled into his bunk, where after a briefly murmured prayer of thanksgiving for his safe return, he fell asleep to wake no more until the friendly voice of Ted his chum warned him, that if he wanted any breakfast, he had better hurry for the morning rations were fast disappearing before the onslaught of his hungry companions in arms. Day had dawned and night was passed in No Man's Land.

(To be continued.)

J. R. MELVIN, C. Ss. R.

Over the walls of a school in Germany was found the following beautiful motto:

"When wealth is lost, nothing is lost.

"When health is lost, something is lost.

"When character is lost, all is lost."

Two little lasses out for a walk noticed the sign "modiste" over a dressmaker's establishment.

"Why do dressmakers write "modest" on their houses?" asked one of the little ones.

"I think," answered the other, "it is to tell people that they are modest and not to blame for cutting ladies' dresses so low; their customers make them do it."

"And must I be giving again and again?"

"Oh, no!" said the Angel,—his glance pierced me through,

"Just give till the Master stops giving to you."

	Catholic Anecdotes	
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MORAL POWER

Many a brave soldier who has stood unflinchingly at the cannon's mouth has not had the moral courage to stand firm in the cause of right when laughed at by his mates.

We are told that when Coley Patteson was a boy at Eton, and captain of the cricket-eleven, he was present one evening at a "cricket supper" and one of the boys told a nasty, low story. Coley stood up before his school-fellows and said:

"If any more such stories are told in my presence, I resign my captaincy and leave this school."

His words took effect, and thus by the influence of one boy, the tone of a great school was purified.

THE SELFISH GIRL

"Mabel, put down your book and help me a few moments," called a mother to her young daughter.

Mabel read on without seeming to hear. Presently her mother called her again.

"Yes, mamma," said Mabel, "I'll be down in just a moment."

The time went on, and presently the mother called a third time.

"Please let me finish this chapter," called Mabel.

The mother did not answer, but tired as she was, she did the work alone. Not being called again Mabel decided that her mother did not want her and bent over her book with renewed interest. She kept her room all morning, and did not think of her mother and the work down stairs. Mabel did not mean to be entirely selfish. She did not understand how much her mother needed her help. She thought only of her own pleasure, and was inclined to be cross and fretful if interfered with.

There are hundreds of such girls. They do not mean to be wholly selfish; no doubt they think they love their mothers, but they love their own way best.

Girls, God gives you but one mother. See to it that you show your love for her in a way that will gladden her heart and lighten her cares.

FEW FRIENDS

"I don't make many friends," said a young girl. She was talking with a companion and she made her statement with an air of unfeigned superiority, as if the possession of few friends were a mark of distinction. "If people like me," she went on, "it is all right; but I never run after anyone."

A few days later we were not surprised to hear a schoolmate say of her:

"Maisie, is not a favorite with the girls. She isn't,—well,—spontaneous enough, if that's the proper word for it. She never goes heartily into anything, as the rest of us do; she is always sitting back in some corner waiting to be coaxed and invited with a great deal of urgency before she will take any part. She seems to have a fear that she will be cheapening herself if she should be genuinely obliging."

Not to minister, but to be ministered unto, is the principle with which she has set out in life; not to give, but to get, and that ends always in soul poverty and loneliness. Show yourself friendly and you will have no lack of friends.

HER FIRST COMMUNION

A little Belgian girl was preparing to make her First Communion. Her father had been killed in battle and her mother was very sad. You can imagine how troubled she must have been, but the thought of receiving Our Dear Lord filled her heart with joy.

When the kind priest gave the children their final instructions he bade them ask pardon of all the members of their families for having ever offended them in any way.

This act of humility little Annette performed very thoroughly, even asking pardon of Joseph, who was six years old. Joseph burst into tears.

"You have never been naughty or unkind to me," he cried, "and I love you, Annette."

Later he was heard talking to himself:

"It was so beautiful," he said.

When Annette crept into her mother's arms and told her how much she loved her and how sorry she was if she had been disobedient or idle, her mother cried, just as did little Joseph, but for another reason.

"How happy your papa would be tomorrow," said the mother, "if he were here and with us to see his little Annette receive her God."

"But, mamma, he will be with us," said Annette. "Since he is in heaven it will be quite easy for him to come, and even if we do not see him we can feel that he is looking at me, and asking God to take care of his little girl and keep her good. If it was last year, when papa was at the front, of course, he couldn't have come, but now, mamma, I feel God will let him be there."

The mother dried her tears and kissed the little comforter, whose childish faith was so trustful and consoling.

STAYING POWER

It happened in Holland. Once, we are told, a boy was passing late at night, along an unfrequented section of the dykes. He heard a sound as of water gurgling. He listened, in order to be sure, then told himself—yes, it must be a leak in the dyke. And before his mind at once unfolded a vision of the terrible effects sure to follow. He remembered the stories his father had often told him and already he could see the whole land with its rich farms and beautiful homes under water. It must not be. He climbed down and searched in the dark until he found the spot. It *was* a leak, threatening every moment to grow into a volume of deluging water. There was no time now to run for help. He called—no answer. He quickly looked around for something to stop the hole—nothing to be found. One glance at the hole showed him that his arm would just fit in: in it went and there he held it, hour after hour through the long night, shouting as long as he was able, but never taking that arm out of the hole in the dyke.

At last, when dawn came, they found him there, stiffened and benumbed with wet and cold and the agony of holding himself in that position so long. He was the savior of the whole country round.

True nerve in that boy! He had staying power—even a better thing than the nerve that is needed only for a moment.

Oh many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken
May heal or wound a heart that's broken.

—Scott.

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THE FIFTEENTH OF AUGUST

This is the day on which we commemorate the assumption, the taking up into heaven of the Body of Our Blessed Lady. Nothing seems more natural to us than, that Our Divine Saviour having ascended into heaven, he should, as soon as possible, take our Blessed Lady thither also. Her assumption into heaven is demanded by:

The honor of Christ—who received his human nature from Mary in the same way that other children receive it from their mothers, thus creating between them the tenderest, strongest, bonds of blood and unquenchable love.

The yearning of Mary who had gazed on that sweet face in the Crib at Bethlehem, on the Cross on Calvary, in death in the tomb, in glory in the Resurrection,—and saw in his eyes the two words: Child and God.

The joy of the Angels and Saints, who rejoicing in one another's glory, see in her purity like to the morning star, love beside which the ardors of Cherubim are as a candleflame, virtue that makes her heart resemble that of Her divine Son. As the force of gravity holds all things to the Sun so they all bow to this greatest of God's creatures.

The Hope of Men. For She is the standard-bearer of a fallen but Redeemed race; where I am, she seems to say, there I wish my children also to be! Her hand is ever outstretched to lift us upward.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI

On the 2nd of August we celebrate the feast of St. Alphonsus, the founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, the patron of the Liguorian.

He was the "*People's Saint*." This is stamped upon all his works. He made a profound study of Moral Theology; because, as the greatest confessor the Church has had, he recognized how sorely the people need guidance and help for their souls.

In his other books, whether sermon-books, doctrinal or apologetic works or ascetical books, he always takes the peoples' view of things and writes for them.

The Religious Order he founded is meant for the "people".

The devotions he furthered are the devotions that appeal to all the people: the Crib, the Cross, the Blessed Sacrament. Probably no book of devotions is so much in the hands of ordinary people, no book of devotion has brought such comfort, such strength, such happiness into the lives of ordinary, every-day people as his beautiful "Visits to the Blessed Sacrament for every day in the month."

Indeed, he is "the People's Saint."

JOANS OF ARC

France and the world honors her today because, while preserving her womanhood pure and unspotted as a lily, she led the armies of France against the rapacious English and Burgundians who coveted the riches of her native land.

Today America holds out to the women of the land a weapon mighty for good or for evil—the ballot!

Without hurt to womanhood—seize the peaceful sword. Listen like Joan to the voices from heaven—through pulpit platform and Catholic press—make your vote count wherever education, film-censorship, the welfare of the young and the interests of souls and religion are at stake.

Every Catholic woman has a call to be in this way a Joan of Arc.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

There is one thing that comes to my mind whenever June brings round the Parochial School commencement exercises—it is the advantage, the benefit, the blessing of our Catholic School.

We can be proud of them. They lead in every respect:

In System: They alone educate the whole man: body and soul, mind and heart; for time and eternity; they alone keep in view the child's whole life and development: character, social, civic, and religious. They give us good men and women, good members of human society, good citizens because God is keystone of their teaching.

In Curriculum: Because they have the experience of long years behind them and the same, sound principles of ages to guide them; at the same time they select whatever is good in the newer conditions of education.

In Teachers: Because they have teachers devoted to their work—who teach not for money or earthly reward but for love of God—as if God saw them. They have behind them the experience of generations of teachers since the foundation of their orders.

I was in a train one day when two public school teachers addressed me. They were Protestants. One of them said:

"I admire the teaching Sisters. I make it a point to visit them at least every two weeks; because nowhere do I get such valuable hints on teaching as from those women who devote their whole lives to the work of teaching."

In results: As non-Catholic business men and educators again and again assert, as facts again and again show.

Just a few figures that fell accidentally under my notice, will suffice here.

At public examinations held this year for graduates of medical and dental schools graduating from great American universities, John Hopkins has 444 graduates in medicine and twelve failures, Harvard 442 and 13 failures, and St. Louis 535 and 9 failures. St. Louis is a Jesuit college. In dentistry Harvard has 294 graduates and 33 failures, the Dental School of Baltimore 362 and 100 failures, and St. Louis 436 and 26 failures. And yet our Catholic schools are supposed to be inferior to their rivals.

DOUBLE FACED

There is nothing more common than the question: What harm do the Masons do? And the question appears justified, even to good Catholics at times, because the Masons they meet in daily intercourse are not "out for the scalps" of Catholics at all. All very true.

But then, why do the Masonic official papers time and again openly assail the Catholic faith or Catholic schools as recently the "Masonic Age"?

Why do they not repudiate such movements as that recently begun by an American Mason in Porto Rico? We have received from Bishop Jones of Porto Rico a copy of a circular he was forced to issue by the activities of the Grand Master of Masonry in the island.

This gentleman did not simply attack the Church, but has proposed a real campaign against everything Catholic and his campaign consists chiefly in an effort to win the children by pharisaic means. His plan, as he himself outlined it for the Lodge, reads in part:

"As a means to dispel the fictions of our eternal enemies . . . I recommend the organization in every lodge of a committee of propaganda . . . which will comprise mass meetings, Masonic festivals (tenidas blancas), prizes to school children. The child, especially the Porto Rican, is susceptible to fraternal societies such as the Boy Scouts. Two years since, I proposed the organization of a school fraternity and asked some brothers to prepare the by-laws, but special circumstances obliged me to leave the country for some months and the project was not realized. Now I recommend that a committee be appointed to frame by-laws, ritual, etc. The idea will be severely criticized, if not imitated; therefore, this committee ought to present its report in the quarterly session of June. I do not wish to anticipate the work of this committee, but we ought to require as a condition sine qua non that each centre of the school fraternity should have as auxiliary president a master Mason, and preferably a school teacher."

If American Masons are innocent, let them denounce this anti-Catholic campaign carried on in the name of Masonry.

NO TIME

Each day has twenty-four hours. Allowing eight hours for sleep, there still remain sixteen hours for our daily occupations, for our meals, and for recreation. Each of these sixteen hours has sixty minutes—making in all 960 minutes. But why this problem in mental arithmetic? Why, to show how lame the excuse that there is no time for our morning and evening prayers. We can say a respectable morning prayer in three minutes; the same period devoted to evening prayers would leave us 954 minutes to our other concerns.

"The fear of God is the bulwark of society. Every institution which enforces it upon the human heart and conscience is of incalculable worth to the community. If the Roman Catholic Church were abolished today, and the faith of its adherents destroyed, the government of this city (New York) would become an impossible task. We Protestants may not agree with the priests in their doctrines, but, when it comes to practice, they are worth more than an army of policemen."

Henry Van Dyke (Presbyterian) noted writer and former United States Minister to Holland.

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Headed by Mr. Anthony Matre, K. S. G., a number of Catholic gentlemen and priests have undertaken the task of reviewing motion-pictures with the object of recommending the same to Catholic parishes and institutions. Many films are now ready and can be had through the Clean Film Department, 76 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

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While a rumor has it that a Papal Nuncio is contemplated for England, another report says that England is considering the recall of its present representative at the Vatican. It is hard to say which report is true.

* * *

The St. Vincent De Paul Society of France presented themselves in various departments of France as legal guardians under the state scheme for the orphans of the war. When the prefects of some departments refused their claim, they appealed the case, and the State Council has approved their claim.

* * *

The Knights of Columbus are planning to go into social work. They intend to raise \$500,000 with which to erect small community centres in congested districts where there will be gymnasium, reading rooms, poolrooms, swimming pools, baths, dormitories and other facilities. They will be in charge of a K. C. secretary and will be placed at the disposal of the boys of the neighborhood and entirely free of charge.

* * *

Msgr. Paul Maria Reynaud, Vicar Apostolic of Che-Kiaog, China, has been decorated with the Golden Blade of the second class by the President of the Chinese Republic for his devotion during 40 years to the welfare of the Chinese people.

* * *

The Catholic Central Verein will hold its 63d national convention in Chicago from Sept. 14-16. It is probably the oldest national Catholic Federation in America.

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The Catholic Educational Association meeting was attended by some 20 Franciscan educators from all parts of the U. S. In the week following the convention, these friars met to discuss their own educational problems.

* * *

Hugh F. Ellard, who was in charge of K. of C. work in Rome, on his return to this country, said:

"While I was there, His Holiness, Pope Benedict, did an unprecedented thing. He gave audience fifty times to 3,000 American dough-boys whom he brought to the Vatican. More than that, he took us into his private library instead of receiving us in one of the audience chambers."

A timely and important resolution was taken by the Federated College Catholic Clubs at their 4th annual convention at Cliff Haven, N. Y., July 7. A crusade is to be inaugurated against noxious, obscene and anti-Catholic books, pamphlets and literature in general, that is at present being used not unfrequently in larger non-sectarian universities and colleges throughout the United States. It is a well-known fact that many textbooks used at our public universities and colleges are objectionable.

* * *

While in Boston, De Valera and his staff went to the famous (Redemptorist) Mission church for services on Sunday morning. Father Wheelwright, C. Ss. R., halfbrother of Ireland's President, celebrated the Mass and gave Communion to De Valera.

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The Annual Convention of the Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada will be held in Cincinnati, Ohio, August 22 and 23, 1919.

* * *

The Pontifical Commission of Sacred Archaeology is preparing to excavate more of the ancient catacombs where thousands were buried in the days of the early Persecutions. They will make clearer that our Church is the Church of the Catacombs—the Church of the Martyrs—the Church of the Apostles.

* * *

Very Rev. Canon O'Doherty of Maynooth has been appointed Bishop of Clonfert. He was all his life a professor, and editor of the Liturgical department of the Irish Ecclesiastical Record, and is an authority on Church service and a fine Gaelic scholar.

* * *

"Senator Sherman of Illinois declared in the U. S. Senate that the League of Nations should not go through because 24 out of 40 in the League will come from Catholic countries, thus giving the Pope control over the League.

"From an early age," he said, "the occupants of the Vatican have believed in the inherent right of papal authority to administer civil government. It is with the utmost regret that I fail to find recorded in the course of Papal claims of later date any renunciation or disavowal of the doctrine."

Won't some little girl from the Catechism class get up and tell this "learned" Senator of the United States what infallibility and papal claims mean? Won't Senator Sherman go to the trouble to inform himself about things before he speaks in public? Or is he content to make a fool of himself by his ignorance, and a villain by deepening through his ignorant vaporings, the lines of religious bigotry?

* * *

In the elections which recently took place in the new Republic of Poland, 23 priests were elected to sit in the Legislative Assembly.

Rev. Eug. D. McDonnell, S. J., of Loyola College, Baltimore, Md., in a baccalaureate sermon delivered before the graduating class of Georgetown University, referred to the Hoke Smith Education bill as "designed to place the whole educational machinery of the country under the control of one autocratic overseer here in Washington," and describes the bill as "the most dangerous and viciously audacious bill ever introduced into our halls of legislation, having lurking within it a most damnable plot to drive Jesus Christ out of the land."

Graduates—if your pastor said nothing about this at your graduation, remember you must do all you can to save for your younger brothers and sisters the advantage you had—a good Catholic school.

* * *

Thirteen sons killed on the field of battle, 3 discharged with grave injuries, one wounded 4 times, the father and one daughter summarily shot by the Germans, and another daughter killed by a German shell at Dunkirk, is the record of the family of M. Vanhee, a farmer of Reminghe, near Ypres. He had 36 children, 22 sons and 14 daughters, all of whom were living at the outbreak of the war. One of his sons was a valet to Pius X.

* * *

Portugal is again in a troublous condition. With the government of the late Sidonio Paes order had again come into the country, which the republican Costa regime had torn with tyranny and religious persecution. But Paes was murdered and now the old radical party again threatens to bring back its policy of compulsion and intolerance.

* * *

All the Bishops of Ireland met at Maynooth on June 21 under the presidency of Cardinal Logue and the document they drew up is noteworthy. It says in part: "We have here the rule of the sword, which is utterly unsuited to a civilized nation and supremely prevocative of disorder and chronic rebellion. There have been acts of violence which we have deplored and they have sprung from this cause alone. For trifles which in any other country would be within the rights of all men, Irish people have been sent to jail under savage sentences." The document concludes with an expression of gratitude to America for what it has done to aid Ireland.

* * *

On Pentecost Sunday the King of Spain publicly consecrated his country to the Sacred Heart and at the same time inaugurated the colossal statue of the Sacred Heart which has been placed on an eminence which marks the geographical center of Spain. The Minister Romanones—an atheist—was not present, and protested against the King's action; so did the Socialists—but they are a big minority in Spain.

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Rev. Thos. F. Burke, C. S. P., has been elected Superior General of the Paulist Fathers, whose headquarters are located in New York City. Father Burke had been pastor of St. Mary's Church, Chicago.

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

Should a person bless himself when eating at a picnic dinner or at any public doings?

In a gathering of Catholics, as at a parish picnic or family picnic, I see no reason why not.

In public places or public gatherings, some say it would be in place to bless oneself, as the following clipping from an Eastern paper seems to show:

"A Catholic schoolboy is now Governor of New York, and he is one of the best-beloved citizens of the state. His example and career are worthy of imitation on the part of every boy in the state. Being a Catholic shows that he has overcome more obstacles in the way of his success than if he had not been one. He didn't have to hide his religion either, but gloried in it. 'Thank God,' said Judge Dodd recently, 'we have a governor who is not afraid to bless himself in public'."

No doubt, if done in a proper spirit and with tact this would always be looked upon as a proof of staunch and manly Catholicity.

However, others think it quite sufficient to say one's prayers quietly, without the sign of the cross; because this is not a necessary part of grace before meals. You may safely follow either practice.

My child has completed her course in the Catholic parochial school and I would like now to send her to High School. Would it be wrong to send her to a Public High School? A friend of mine says the child has received a good Catholic foundation—it would do no harm to send her to a Public High School.

We might consider two cases:

1) In cases where the Catholic High School is affiliated with the Secular Universities—so that no particular advantage is gained as far as State certificates are concerned, by sending them to a Public High School,

a) It seems to me, it would be wrong to send a child to a Public High School.

b) The remark that it is well grounded in the Faith by reason of its

Catholic grade-school education, overlooks the fact that the High School years are just the years in which companionship and atmosphere have a great deal of influence on the child.

2) In cases where the Catholic High School is not affiliated with the State Universities, so that, its graduates are under a certain disadvantage in as far as their credits are not accepted by State Universities without a new examination,—

a) There might be some justification for sending the child to the Public High School—while using all the safeguards of Catholic home influence, Catholic sodalities, and the regular approach to the sacraments.

b) But even then, for many occupations and professions it would make no difference whether the diploma were given by a State High School or Catholic High School in which case, it would be better to choose the Catholic High School.

Is the Mother of Perpetual Help the same as Our Lady of Perpetual Help?
Yes.

Is the book N. N. forbidden by the Church? R. R.

1. If you mean by "forbidden", is it on the Index, then no; it is not nominally mentioned; nor has it come strictly under the general laws of the Index.

2. But it is full of falsehoods. The facts it assumes as a basis are proved false by history and the spirit it attributes to the people of Italy is falsified as I found out myself by speaking to the son and grandsons of the people who figure in the story.

This being so, why should anyone wish to read such a book? For information? There is none to be gotten except as to the ignorance of some writers. For style? The moral and historical defects rob the style of all true value. A lie well told can never be true literature. Condemn the book to oblivion by not buying, not reading, not speaking of it. That is why I didn't mention its name.

	Some Good Books	
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Convent Life. The Meaning of a Religious Vocation. By Martin J. Scott, S. J. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price \$1.50.

This book is a valuable addition to our popular Catholic Literature. It is a book for everybody.

It is a book for the non-Catholic. They are always wondering, anyway, what is going on behind the four secret walls of the convent—what convent life means—and are filled with many false notions about it. Here they are led through the entire convent: everything is explained simply, straightforwardly and attractively.

It is a book for Catholic young ladies who are thinking about their vocation in life. For here they shall see what a convent is, who go there, why they go there, what they are expected to do there. And they shall find a brief description of the numerous sisterhoods at work in this country.

It is a book for all our Catholic people. Here they shall see "close up" as it were, one of the noblest and holiest institutions of the Church, one that has been the admiration of the world for ages, and which has ever been for many a great proof of her divine powers.

It is a book for the home; it is a book for the parish library; and put it on the table, so that it may easily be seen and picked up; for that is all it needs—it will be read, I have no doubt.

Fernando. By John Ayscough. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price \$1.60. Postage extra.

"When Fernando Burscough's grandparents and aunts heard that Hubert was engaged to marry an Irish girl they shook their heads over it."

This is the way Chapter One begins. And from that time on till the end of the book, you will be caught by the strange lure of it. When I finished it, I determined I must read it again. I felt bigger for being a Catholic after it.

In its pages you will meet interesting people—ordinary people—You will live through big adventure—the thrilling adventures of a soul seeking its

moorings. Again and again you will say to yourself: These are not ordinary story folks,—these are real, live people!

So they are; for the story is the story of the youth of Msgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew, the Prelate, army-chaplain essayist, novelist, who writes under the pen-name of John Ayscough.

The Theistic Social Ideal or The Distributive State. By Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A. Diederich-Schaefer Co., Milwaukee, Wis. 60c.

Suggestions and plans for social reform are anything but rare at the present time, but this pamphlet which sustains the outlines of a social policy by a Catholic writer is more than welcome.

The author's theory is that there is no question of social rest until a new order is established, an order that will see a more equal distribution of the world's wealth, and yet recognize the right of private property. We shall then have, not a Capitalistic nor a socialistic, but a "Distributive State".

The new order must be brought about by sane and adequate legislation.

The plan is indefinite and sketchy, but at least a new voice is heard, we hope it will not be "a voice crying in the wilderness".

Rhymes with Reasons. By the author of *Aunt Sarah and the War.* P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 35c net. 39c post-paid.

A little pamphlet of verses dedicated to a dead hero and inspired by phases of the war. A real poet's soul that is deeply Christian, sincerely devout, yet virile and soldierly, sings in these poems so sweetly that we wish he had sung more.

The Loyalty of Elizabeth Bess. By E. L. Scott. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.35.

A really charming story by an able writer. Elizabeth Bess is a loveable child and the author is capable of the theme. Those who became acquainted with Elizabeth Bess in the author's previous novel will welcome her back again in her whimsical doings of a child of eight.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Lucid Intervals</h2>	
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Little Girl—Please, mister, would you mind giving me a few bunches of your nice whiskers to stuff my dolly with?"

Teacher—Into what classes were the people in the Mayflower livided?

Bright Pupil—Pilgrim fathers, Pilgrim mothers, Pilgrim sons and Plymouth Rock chickens.

The man who had made a huge fortune was speaking a few words to a number of students at a business class. As usual, the main subject of his address was his own successful career.

"All my success in life, all my tremendous financial prestige," he said proudly, "I owe to one thing alone—pluck, pluck, pluck!"

He made an impressive pause here, but the effect was ruined by one student, who asked impressively:

"Yes, sir, but how are we to find the right people to pluck?"

Mandy, who had just become a widow was sorting out several suits of black underclothes. Her friend asked in great astonishment:

"Mandy, whah fo' yoh done got dem black underga'ments?"

"'Cause when Ah mourns, Ah mourns!"

She—What do you suppose I did when mother told me you were coming?

He—Oh! I suppose you colored up a little.

She—Sir!

Teacher—Which is the most delicate of the senses?

Scholar—The touch. When you sit on a pin you can't see it, you can't hear it, you can't taste it, but it's there.

As a barber was one day shaving old Mr. Johnson he happened to cut him on the cheek. Mr. Johnson thought that this offered a good opportunity for giving advice, and he said to the barber:

"Loik what drink does."

"Yes," said the barber, "it makes the skin very tender, doesn't it?"

A certain man said he did not believe in the Bible because it said that Balaam's ass talked like a man. Whereupon another man spoke up and said: "It ought to be as easy for an ass to talk like a man as for a man to talk like as ass."

The sole diner in the restaurant was a patriot, but—well, he did eat something sometimes. He was, however, staggered at the small portions with which he was served. Suddenly the waitress swooped down upon him with a charming smile and asked:

"How did you find the apple pie, sir?"

He reflected before answering, but finally jerked out:

"Oh, I moved a bit of cheese aside, and there it was!"

Mrs. Flatbush—Are you wearing those pretty suspenders, with flowers all over 'em, I gave you for your birthday, Henry?

Mr. Flatbush—No, dear; I was afraid the nail I'm using in place of a button would rust 'em.

"Oh, please, Miss Jeanne!" begged the youth earnestly, "do not call me Mr. Durand."

"Oh, but our acquaintance is so short, you know!" she said coyly. "But why should I not call you that?"

"Well," hesitated the young man, "principally because my name is Dupont."

Dr. Lyman Abbott, the famous "anti" said at a luncheon in New York:

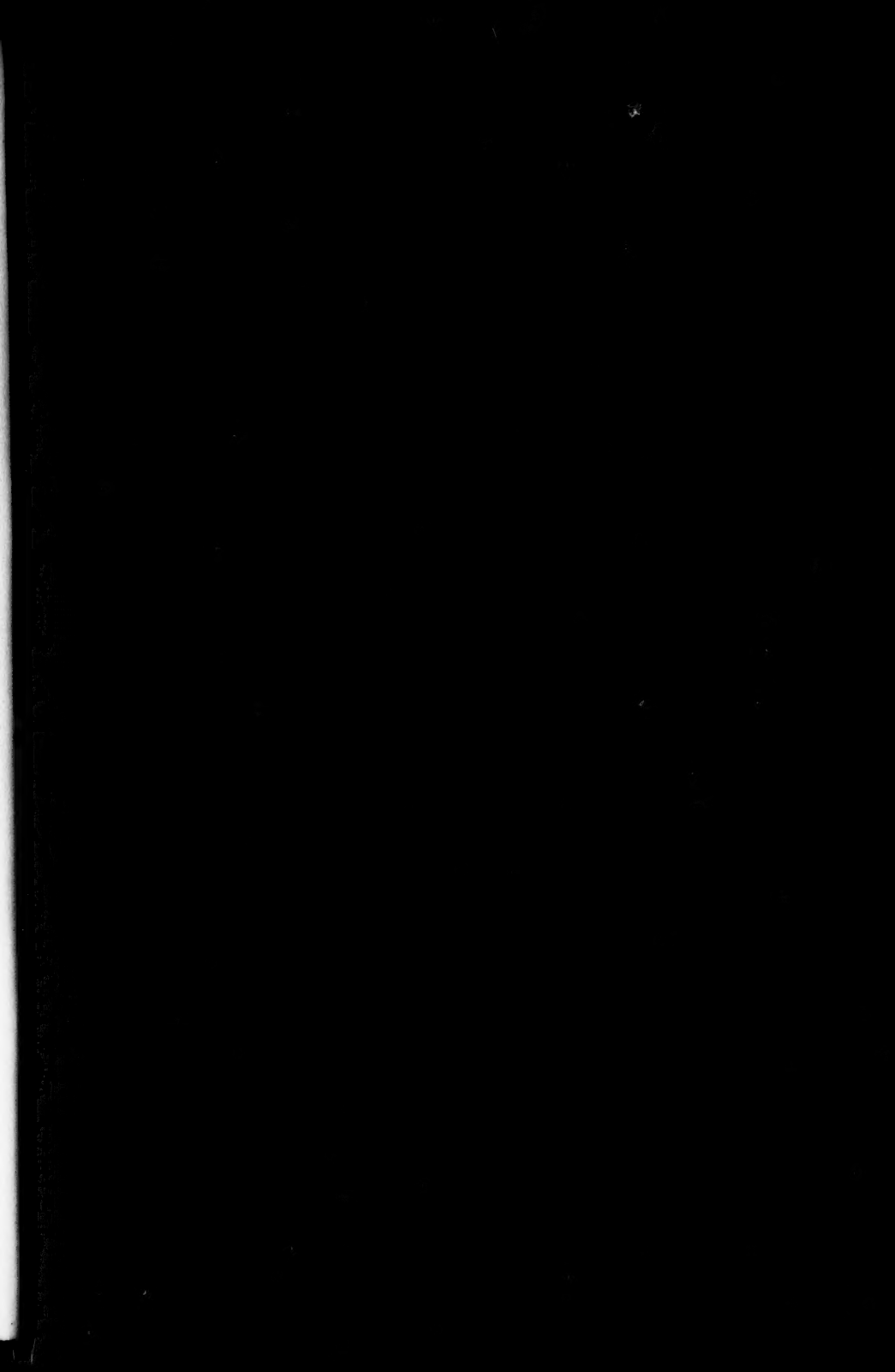
"Some people thing, because I oppose universal suffrage, that I am very severe and harsh on the subject of woman."

"These people liken me, in fact, to the man who was asked:

"Do you believe in clubs for women?"

"Sure I do!" the man replied. "Clubs, sandbags, flatirons, any old thing."

Teacher—"Willie! You're not fit to sit beside decent people—come right up here and sit beside me."



Redemptorist Burses

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our Professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships.

Burse of St. Alphonsus (St. Alphonsus Parish, New Orleans, La.)	2,495.46
Burse of St. Mary (St. Mary's Parish, New Orleans, La.)	673.33
Burse of St. Joseph	516.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Alphonsus Parish, Grand Rapids, Mich.)	4,307.50
Burse of St. Francis of Assisi	1,000.00
Burse of O. Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.)	100.00
Burse of St. Gerard Majella (St. Michael's Parish, Chicago, Ill.)	3,877.00
Burse of the Little Flower	477.50
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and St. Alphonsus (Fresno, Cal.)	750.00